THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. AUGUST 6, 1913 No. 32

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC Theological Seminary

MERCY, PITY, PEACE, AND LOVE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

—William Blake, in "Divine Image."

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manger is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

"SHOULD WRITE THE WORD 'WHITE' IN OUR CONSTITUTION."

That is what Senator Newlands of Nevada said a few days ago in San Francisco. A daily paper reported him as follows:

"I believe that immigration to this country, except for purposes of commerce, education and travel, should be confined to people of the white race, and that we should confer citizenship upon none but people of the white race.

"I also believe that we should write the word 'white' in our Constitution, and restrict suffrage to the people of the white race, at the same time making humane provision for the industrial training and education of the blacks within our borders in such a way as to aid them in maintaining, at some time in the future, an individualized national life, through assisted emigration to some part of Afrca especially prepared, by scientific development, for their occupancy.

"I see no reason why ultimately these unfortunate people, as yet a race of children, should not be by a gradual process, extending over many years, restored to the land from which they originally came, and which is now regarded as a land of opportunity even for a white man.

"The whole tendency is toward race segregation, so far as races differing in color are concerned. The mixture of races differing in color is the greatest menace to civilization, and we should not only guard against an increase of it, but, by wise and humane policy, diminish the evils under which we are suffering.

"The race question is a blight to the South, and unless we take hold of it intelligently the segregation will take place upon our own soil, and the South will eventually become almost exclusively dedicated to the black race."

Three weeks ago The Pacific called attention to the propaganda against the negroes begun in Washington by Senator Vardeman of Mississippi and remarked that a fight of that kind was likely to be waged throughout the country with considerable force back of it. Here is a far-western recruit! Nevada's senator joins hands with Mississippi's senator!

These two well-meaning, widely-respected men are not exceptional in their position on this question. Thousands in the North as well as in the South will agree with them.

A few months ago a book was published which advocated the deportation of the negro. In our judgment the time is far past for that, and the problem which is upon this nation because of their presence here in so large number must be solved in other way.

There was a time, soon after our civil war, when General Grant favored the colonization of the negro on the island of Santo Domingo. The island was freely offered to this nation, almost without price. It is a very fertile island, lying close to our shores, capable of supporting fifteen million people. The plan was to have independent states formed there, governed by the colored people, which would be a part of the Union. But in his last days Grant saw that the time was past then for anything like that. In his Memoirs he wrote: "It is possible that the question of a conflict between races may come up in the future, as did that between freedom and slavery before. The condition of the colored man within our borders may become a source of anxiety, to say the least. But he was brought to our shores by compulsion, and he now should be considered as having as good a right to remain here as any other class of our citizens."

Nor do we believe that this nation can solve its negro problem by writing the word "white" in the constitution.

We do not believe that that word will ever be written there, no matter what the agitation for it. The nation and the world have passed beyond that stage!

In the black man here on American soil and the mlilions of yellow men arising into new life just across our western sea this nation has an intricate and perplexing problem. All well-meaning, intelligent people will admit that self-interest, selfishness, will never solve it. If we are to solve it we must ascertain what is selfishness in relation thereto and eliminate it. And the masses of the people of the United States should be brought to realize that students of history and of present day affairs declare that it remains to be shown that the highest interests of the future of mankind upon the earth demand the supremacy of the white man. It is the fittest who will survive.

It is not unreasonable to believe that the black man is here on American soil and is to remain here with the design of the Infinite Artificer to work out in humanity that which could be worked out only by this intimate relation. For the same reason God seems to be bringing all the nations and races of the world into close and intimate relations, through the discoveries and inventions, the progress, of the last half century. Great spiritual development is foreshadowed. All things in history and in the universe point to the final Unitive Life.

A short time before he passed into the other life the Rev. Dr. Amory H. Bradford, one of our great Christian leaders, wrote:

"The welfare of our republic and the advancement of the kingdom of God require that differences of speech, of feature, of social condition, of wealth, of race, be minimized, and that the constant emphasis of all patriotic citizens should be on the essential divinity and consequent sanctity of man as man; on the things which unite rather than on the things that divide, on integration rather than segregation, to the end that our union may be one and indestructible, the noblest illustration of human brotherhood in the history of the world."

It was in connection with the foregoing that Dr. Bradford wrote: "Such a picture as the following would prophesy great things for the future of the nation: Place: the dining room of the White House in Washington. Host: Our President. Guests: a Hebrew philanthropist;

an Indian physician; a Chinese Christian pastor; and the leader of the colored people. Subject of conversation: How may each race here represented contribute the most toward making the United States a union of races? Such a dinner party all lovers of humanity would approve; and some such scene I firmly believe all loyal citizens of the republic will sometime demand."

Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found an article from "The American Missionary," one of our national Congregational publications, showing some of the present-day treatment of the negro.

Last week the New York Independent gave the following which it quoted in July 1863 from the Boston Courier: "No negro ought to desire freedom in the United States. Freedom to them can have no other meaning than misery, degradation and final extermination." The comment of The Independent in 1863 was: "How shameful that will look one hundred years hence!"

The Independent made no comment last week. If it had, it couldn't have said that in part at least fifty years after 1863 the prophecy of the Courier had not been fulfilled.

The American Bar Association not long ago drew the color line and excluded colored lawyers of high professional standing and unquestionable character, thus adding to the long list of unjustifiable discriminations. Albert E. Pillsbury, a former attorney-general of Massachusetts, has made brave protest by withdrawing from membership.

Just a few days ago a negro who had been named as registrar of the treasury asked President Wilson to withdraw his name because of multiplied protests against him simply as a colored man, and the President did so.

In "The Souls of Black Folk," Professor Dubois tells of Alexander Crummell, a black man who in this country for years "bent to all the gibes and prejudices, to all hatred and discrimination, with that rare courtesy which is the armor of pure souls." Crummell was a man of noble character and of exalted attainments. It has been said of him: "In another age he might have sat among the elders of the land in purple-bordered toga; in another country mothers might have sung him to the cradles."

After his death Dubois wrote: "I wonder where he is today! I wonder if in that dim world beyond, as he came gliding in, there rose on some wan throne a King—a dark and pierced Jew, who knows the writhings of the earthly damned, saying, as he laid those heart-wrung talents down, 'Well done!'—while round about the morning stars sat singing."

Oh, the pity of it! that there should be here on American soil such a travesty of Christianity as to give rise to such a wonder as that!

There is nothing more pathetic in English literature than Professor Du Bois' story of the passing of his first-born child—one of such tender age that he knew no color line, in whose "little world walked souls alone, uncolored and unclothed."

In agony of heart over the loss of the loved one, yet he wrote:

"Well sped my boy, before the world had dubbed your ambition insolence, had held your ideals unattainable, and taught you to cringe and bow. Better far this nameless void that stops my life than a sea of sorrow for you."

And then: "Idle words! He might have borne his burden more bravely than we,—aye, and found it lighter too, some day; for surely, surely this is not the end. Surely, there shall yet dawn some mighty morning to lift the veil and set the prisoned free. Not for me,—I shall die in my bonds—but for fresh young souls who have not known the night and waken to the morning; a morning when men ask of the workman not 'Is he white?' but, 'Can he work?' When men ask artists, not 'Are they black?' but 'Do you know?' Some morning this may be, long, long years to come."

In that day, not very many years ago, when the train was carrying DuBois north from Atlanta to lay the body of his child away in the Berkshire hills, he cried out: Where, O God, beneath thy broad, blue sky shall my dark baby rest in peace—where Reverence dwells, and Goodness, and a Freedom that is free?"

In view of such facts as are given in The Pacific this week and many more that are more sinister, might not a black man today similarly circumstanced as this father was then, with good reason ask, "Where?"

Are there not many indications that here in our boasted free America, in both North and South, the color line is to be generally and more strictly drawn?

A TRIBUTE TO MISSIONARIES.

"The missionaries were the pioneers of every good feature of civilization," says William Elliot Griffis in an article in The Century Magazine for August—on "American Makers of the New Japan." "Guido Verbeck, master of seven languages, became later chief government translator, adviser of the emperor, and the star preacher in Japanese." It is said that some unseen power must have presided over the choice of the four American pioneer missionaries—Channing Moore Williams, Samuel Robbins Brown, James Curtis Hepburn, and Guido Fridolin Verbeck —who arrived in 1859, "each one to live through 40 years of altruistic toil." "Today a hundred Japanese lawyers, doctors, editors, ministers, and public men revere the name" of Brown. It was Brown who in 1847 brought the first Chinese students to America. Griffis says that it was the missionary Hepburn who opened the first dispensary in Japan—a land where there was no public hospital and where public hygiene was scarcely known. "Today Japan has a thousand hospitals and a faculty of world-wide fame, while no nation excels her in public hygiene." It was Dr. John Berry, a medical missionary, who taught women nurses and began the development of a noble army of white-robed ministering angels long before there was a government hospital

Dr. Griffis says that "without the direct influence of their foreign Christian teachers, and their practical training received in the sessions, debates, committee and public meetings of the church congregations, the large measure of representative and self-government, already reached in constitutional Japan, would have been impossible."

Fortunate for Japan that Townsend Harris was our first consul-general to Japan! Griffis writes of him as the glad sponsor of the missionaries, "who for ten years were in effect the sole teachers of the nation in science, history, medicine, and statesmanship; for of Christianity, until 1872, the Japanese, knowing only the Portuguese and Spanish type, and refusing to jest at their scars, would have none." Of the four who came in 1859 the testimony is: "They seeded Japan with new thoughts and raised a regiment of trained men, with faces set toward the Occident."

"Who gives today the best that in him lies
Will find the road that leads to clearer skies."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

"Life After Death" will be the title of an article by Maurice Maeterlinck in the Century Magazine for September. It will sum up the investigations of twenty years.

An Oakland daily paper had last week a criticism of an objectionable play that was being given at a theater in that city. There is a probability that the editorial served to advertise the play and secured for it increased patronage. We venture the assertion that the theatre will not withdraw its advertisements from the paper because of the editorial criticism. We are far from intimating by this that the editorial was with intent to increase attendance at the theater. The probabilities are that it was not. But there are some lines of business that thrive on criticism.

Pearson's Magazine for August contains an article on the "Loan Sharks," and the aid given them in their nefarious practices by their advertisements in the daily papers. Mention is made of the fact that the San Francisco Call a few months ago had an editorial against the loan shark business and at the same time was helping it along by carrying the advertisements of some of the most infamous of the gang. The article in Pearsons' says that there is quite an easy way to practically kill the loan shark business. It is for the daily papers to stop advertising them. A long list of papers throughout the country is arraigned for thus aiding and keeping alive this iniquitous business.

"We 'grow' preachers, but do we ripen them?" remarks the Northwestern Christian Advocate. This in connection with the following: "From time to time we hear members of our church felicitating themselves that Methodism furnishes other denominations with their most popular preachers—like Jefferson, Waters, and Cadman of New York City, and Gunsaulus of Chicago. A more pertinent inquiry should be: Why could not these men, and many others, have chosen to remain in the Methodist fold? Do the promising preachers of other denominations flock to the Methodist pulpit? We have not heard of them. In so far as Methodism has in her ranks men of sufficient worth to draw other denominations who are hunting for men, it is well to flatter; but that these men should with apparent willingness leave us for another pulpit—here is where self-congratulation runs out."

A new law in Iowa gives counties the right to levy taxes for public hospitals. Commenting on this an Eastern paper says: "Surgery is yet too expensive. It is almost prohibitive to any but the rich who can pay and the very poor for whom charity or municipal government will pay. The great working class is left out. Strange to say, the self-supporting middle class find the burden greatest when ill or in bodily danger that demands surgical skill. In the public hospital specialists can group their skill to meet the varying needs of all who suffer. For the public to build the hospital and provide the equipment is a fine demonstration of civilization's chief end—the brotherhood of man." The article from which we quote seems to infer that what the people of a county will have offered to them in this way at a nominal expense is already provided for in the cities. But, it isn't provided for at any figure which any but the rich can afford to pay. The Pacific hopes for a day in the not distant future when people will hire physicians by the year or when they will be hired by the municipality. We would rather see municipally employed physicians than publicly owned water works and street car lines. A paper read at a meeting of the American Medical Association two or three years ago advocated the employment of physicians by the year.

WHAT THE NEGRO FACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following from the "American Missionary" will show in part what the negro faces at the hands of the nation which broke from him the shackles of slavery. Read it in connection with our editorial, which considers our race problem:

"Does any one wonder if the Negro in America is baffled and appalled at the situation in which he finds himself? He is condemned for low associations. If he seeks the elevating influences of better ones, they are denied him. He is accused of frequenting vile theaters only; every decent one is closed to him, and every good music hall. If a picture-show is opened for him, he may be set upon by a mob and stoned, as at Fort Worth this very day. In many a Southern city, the public library closes its doors in his face and refuses him the books of his own authors—Du Bois, Washington, Chestnut, Dunbar, and the rest. If his wife is in need of a Pullman berth to reach her destination, it is refused her, though she may be physically unable to travel in a day coach—a Mississippi court has just given a woman heavy damages against the Pullman Company, because she traveled in a Pullman which also harbored several colored bishops! Mr. Washington has gone up and down the country with the approval of white men of all sections, urging the Negro to buy farms and houses. But if he displeases his white neighbors, in many States, a shotgun invalidates his title to his land. And if he buys a fine house on a good street in Baltimore, the law is hard on his heels. Even in Seattle, they tried—but in vain—to declare that a colored man could not buy a house where he could bring up his children in decent surroundings.

"And so we are trying in this democracy the impossible experiment of establishing a caste, as in India. The rigors of the Russian Pale are to go with it. Men and women are to live apart, with the finger of scorn upon them if they walk out of their district. They are to be denied freedom of property; the right to move about freely, the right to proper amusement. The right to say how and where their children shall be educated and by whom, is to be taken away, as well as all voice and participation in their government. Taxes they must pay, but no words of theirs as to how the proceeds shall be expended are to be tolerated. What incentive remains? What colored man is to be blamed, if, despairing, he denounces those leaders who urge him to be law-abiding and useful and industrious and decides to live for the moment only, particularly if he sees those who would battle for the simple rights that are his as an American citizen denounced by the prejudiced and the blind as desiring the destruction of the dominant race? Alas that everyone does not see that the real enemies of white supremacy are those who would make it synonymous with selfishness, cruelty, oppression, and wicked injustice."

"If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."—Daniel Webster.

He that masters avarice and is truly good stands firm against ambition.—Seneca.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN JOSE PROPOUNDS A SERIES OF QUESTIONS ON THE PROBLEM OF DANCING AS IT NOW CONFRONTS THE CHURCHES.

In one of the early months of this year the Efficiency Committee of the First Congregational Church of San Jose, composed of Mr. B. R. Shaw, Mrs. L. B. Avery, Mr. C. L. Hyde, Mrs. J. B. T. Tuthill and the Rev. W. W. Willard, sent out to a large number of Congregational churches in Northern California and to several in Southern California, the following questions with preliminary explanatory words:

The Efficiency Committee of the First Congregational Church of San Jose are confronting and trying to solve a serious question which, in greater or less degree, is a burning question of policy among all our churches. The seriousness of the question and the fact that sooner or later our churches must confront and answer it, has moved us to send the enclosed list of queries to the pastors of the Congregational churches below indicated for the twofold purpose of securing the valuable counsel of leaders of Congregational thought and life in Northern California in the solution of our own problem and of obtaining, if possible, a consensus of opinion that may be of help to other churches confronting the same problem.

With this word of explanation we propose the following questions (being the same practically to which our Efficiency Committee have addressed themselves) as dealing in a fundamental way with the problem of dancing in our churches.

1. Do you believe dancing to be in itself good, bad or indifferent, morally speaking?

2. If morally good or indifferent, is there any ground on which you would consider it to be nevertheless inexpedient for our young people as a form of recreation and social enjoyment?

3. If morally indifferent in itself and expedient as a general proposition, is there any reasonable ground on which our churches should refuse a request coming from its young people for the privilege of dancing in a parish house attached to a church?

4. If, in your opinion, such a grant is justified and advisable, would you regard it wise to place any limitation on the kind of dancing (round, square or folk), or in any other way to limit the freedom of the young people in the matter?

In sending these questions we desire to state that we have canvassed the problem from all angles. Among other considerations, we have raised the following questions: What is a church for? Is it purely spiritual in its function, or for the promotion of the fullest self-development, including physical and social? What should be our respect for the opinion of a minority in the church who are opposed from conviction to all forms of dancing? In a matter of the nature of the one under consideration, is the principle of prohibition or of self-expression the more truly pedagogical? Can we afford to prohibit in the church what a large per cent of our young people are already doing outside the church and with the consent of their parents? Granted that dancing may be, under some circumstances, morally disastrous, is it better to provide opportunity under the best of influences for a form of recreation not intrinsically evil than to encourage its indulgence in a questionable environment?

If dancing be refused is there any substitute that would be equally attractive to the young?

Recognizing that we, in common with all our Northern California churches, are in this question facing a problem that can only be satisfactorily settled through a fundamental method of treatment and by reference to the widest experience and sanest judgment of the leaders of our Congregational fellowship, we, the Efficiency Committee of the San Jose church, appeal to you and in anticipation of your reply thank you heartily for the expression of your judgment.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, replied in the main as follows:

(1) I believe that dancing, under proper supervision, can be classed as good. I wish there was more variety to it—more of the folk dances and more of the dances which are essentially games and appeal to the play spirit.

(2) I think it inexpedient as a recreation for young people when it is not properly supervised and when it leads to the forming of promiscuous acquaintances.

(3) The problem of allowing dancing in a parish house is one which we are facing at this moment. A large proportion of our young people desire it. The things which stand in the way, I think, are these:

(a) The danger of an epidemic of dancing. It is the story of the camel who put his nose in the tent and who didn't stop until he had occupied the entire tent and pushed the owner out. I want the parish house to stand for basketball and physical culture classes, lectures and entertainments of varied sort, and I fear that if dancing is once permitted, everybody will want to dance and nobody will want to do anything else, and, instead of having a gymnasium, we will have a dancing academy!

(b) The second difficulty is the danger of ragging and other improper dancing being brought in to the disgrace of the church and scandal of the community.

(c) The third difficulty is the fact that there would be a percentage in the church and community who will be shocked and horrified at the idea of dancing in the parish house, and who will either withdraw from the church, or sulk, or bombard the minister with criticisms. This, I think, personally, is the least of the difficulties.

(4) As to your last question, I will say that we already allow folk dancing in our gymnasium classes. The only limitation I would place on the kind of dancing is that all ragging and suggestive dancing should be barred out, and, I am inclined to think if dancing were to be permitted at all, it only ought to be permitted under the supervision of some very reliable and competent person.

I really wonder whether the church could not perform a real service to the community by conducting its dancing under the best of supervision and according to high standards and insist that all dancing stop at 11 o'clock, and so setting a precedent of more reasonable hours.

The reply of the Rev. B. M. Palmer of Pacific Grove was:

I foresee that my answer will not be on the present day's popular side; but courtesy demands that I answer, and candor requires it to be as follows:

I still hold and try to stimulate in others the view that has been the prevalent one until recently in our modern evangelical churches towards the modern dance. I believe that what the saloon is to drunkenness the dance-halls of our cities are to the white slave traffic, viz., the chief feeder—the place through which the virtuous life is oftenest departed from. One could say, "Therefore, let us give our boys liquor in moderation and under better conditions at home and in our churches that they may not be tempted to go to the saloon." But most Christians have come to say rather, "Let us train them to total abstinence and to protest against this evil that makes so many of our brothers to offend."

So we could say, "Let us furnish the dance under healthy and decent conditions and restrictions in our Christian homes and churches." And I believe we could do it in such way as to be pretty sure that our own church young people would not fall seriously through its agency. But I have no question that the yielding of the churches at this point would be hailed with delight by the agencies of debauchery in our cities, as tending to accredit dance-halls of all descrptions. And I believe it would remove one of the few remaining safeguards that now protect thousands of as yet innocent but unsophisticated and weak girls and young women who have flocked to our large cities to earn their living.

At present such young women, by the thousands, are influenced by the wellknown fact that the churches of Jesus Christ, that stand for any great degree of self-sacrifice for your brother's or sister's sake, have abhorred the dance, as being the stepping-stone toward ruin in cases beyond number.

Investigations of testimony and evidence that were made and reported by experts in our Sociology Department at Stanford while I was a student there, convinced me that in all probability there had not been a single night during my whole lifetime but that some girl in America had gone into a dance as a mere fun-loving girl, and gone out from it to a life of shame. I believe that Paul's beefsteak, the blood of which had dripped onto an idol's altar, becomes insignificant as compared with this issue when weighing the matter of influence.

This, of course, is my answer. But as you may care

more to hear the four questions answered categorically for purposes of tabulation of replies from the thirty or forty pastors, I will do that briefly.

1. Most of the dances, the two sexes being pared off in each other's, arms—bad.

2. Even if morally indifferent in itself, it has been so adopted and exploited by the agencies of great evil as to furnish a reason why Christian young people should hesitate to encourage it.

3. No. If it were "expedient" and without moral objection in our homes, I should heartily accord it a place in the social rooms of the church. I am not a building-worshipper.

4. I think the young people of our churches could be trusted to make their own regulations, so that their dances there would be circumspect. (But, however censored and select they were, the morning papers will make them lend their influence in a way that will aid the lewdest dance halls on Pacific street in San Francisco.)

The Rev. Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont wrote:

The subject is not exactly a "burning question" to our churches in the south, as I do not know of one that has ever had occasion to consider the matter, and I have never heard it alluded to.

The question is of course not one of "right" or "wrong" or "indifference," but of expediency. Most of us do not specially object to card-playing in our homes, but would strenuously object to having card-parties in the parish house. And as regards dancing, it is my judgment that the introduction of it in the church rooms would work an injury to the spiritual life and fellowship and work of the church for which nothing in the gratification of a part of the young people could possibly compensate. To introduce something that would seriously distress a large minority of the Christian people of the church, and these often the most earnest, prayerful and efficient in church work, is to introduce a divisive element that is crippling and subversive of the one primary aim of the Christian fellowship—love to one another.

As to the character of dancing itself, a recent discussion of it by our college authorities here, in its relation to college life, led to a practical agreement as to its inexpediency, because—like card-playing in student life—it so crowds to the wall other and more wholesome ways of entertainment, and becomes engrossing and prominent to a degree that allows the dancing element a wholly undue predominance.

If your church were a downtown city church among working people, whose young people must either get their amusements at the church or else find them in objectionable surroundings I should regard the question differently. But I do not feel that the ordinary church needs to provide the amusements for those whose life is only too amply furnished with such opportunities elsewhere.

The Rev. H. S. Tuttle of Bethany Church, San Francisco, wrote in reply:

The inquiry of your efficiency committee comes to me as a welcome sign that the modern church is awake to the problems of the day. I hope that the replies will be put in such a form that we may all profit by the results.

1. Dancing can contribute to one's moral development. Potentially it is morally good. That this answer cannot stand unmodified by the recognition of its awful possibilities of moral degradation is made clear by experience.

2. Where rigid Puritanism is taught and accepted in a considerable number of homes represented in a church, the sanction of the church upon that which is accepted as wrong by these young people will offer a temptation to compromise with conscience. The sanction of the church will quickly make it a predominating form of social entertainment, to the neglect of other equally valuable and necessary means of moral development. Young people who hold loyal to Puritan teachings will be practically excluded from a large part of the social life of the church.

3. Where there is no considerable number of young people accepting the demands of Puritan training, I can see no logic by which their request to dance in a parish house should be denied.

4. I should consider it very important to secure among the young people self-imposed regulations as to late hours, variety of means of enjoyment, and exacting discipline upon unprincipled intruders, in all social activities.

As in the realm of belief so also in conduct, release from prejudice can be accomplished but slowly; and by first the mere cessation of demands for traditional notions. Until such change of emphasis has accomplished its work of education I question whether the new can be forced into conspicuous control without disaster. But when dancing can be successfully appropriated as an agency for good instead of evil, we shall again behold Satan falling as lightning.

The Rev. C. M. Streeter of Woodland gave answer as follows:

I do not care to discuss this matter, only briefly to express my opinion, which in substance is the opinion of every minister in our Woodland Ministerial Association, as this very matter was before us not long since.

We have a "community hall," here erected by the Unitarian church, which invites the dance. All the other churches are opposed to this form of amusement, conducted under the auspices of the church; while, of course, there are some that individually see no harm in it.

I believe there should be some standard for the church which is above that of the world, and into which the world can not come, without feeling the reproach for sin. I have never known the dance to bring any blessing to the home or to the church of which it was a part. The dance is not conducive to righteousness, or to a higher spiritual life. As a whole, I believe the public dancing place is BAD.

I never preach against dancing as such. If I am not able to inspire a nobler ideal in life with the help of the Holy Spirit, that will ultimately drop the dance out of the life and put nobler things in its place, that will uplift and transform the inner man, then I consider my effort lost as far as that particular individual is concerned. I believe the church that goes down to the dance plain will never regain its high and lofty place in the sight of God and man, that it occupied when it stood for a positive creed that left the things of the world outside.

If those who would lead a movement of this kind, would enter the "Holy of Holies," and there face God with the question and tarry for His answer determined to obey His will in relation to the dance, they would soon hear a voice from heaven, saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it," and would not make a mistake.

The Rev. W. B. Thorp of San Diego said in his letter of reply:

I think round dancing, under the forms of deportment prescribed by good society, has become established as a perfectly proper type of social amusement. Indeed, a dance properly conducted and chaperoned is a discipline in good manners and courteous relations. Like everything else the dance can be abused; and certain recent degenerate forms of it known as "rag" are generally frowned upon.

Whether dancing should be permitted in the parlors or parish house of a church, is a question of taste rather than of morals. There are a good many other things that many Christians feel it perfectly proper to do elsewhere, but which they instinctively refrain from doing in any part of the sanctuary. A parish house, being usually a distinct building and devoted to social purposes, is not subject to such severe limitations. In such questions of taste a considerable amount of deference has to be paid, as a matter of harmonious church life, to the feelings of any number who may seriously object. On the other hand, these, too, should be ready to make concessions to what may meet with the approval of the large majority.

On the question of dancing in itself, a principle is involved,—the principle of Christian liberty. On the question of dancing in the church building, no principle is involved, but only a question of good taste and expediency.

The position of the Rev. George E. Atkinson of Campbell was expressed as follows:

In reply to your circular as to dancing, I would say I have met that difficulty in all my parishes and have always said, "No—no dancing under church patronage," and have

always kept my young people and their respect. I am saying nothing against folk dancing, etc.; it is beautiful and graceful and delightful and all that, but under other patronage.

The Rev. E. Belden Hart of Petaluma answered in the following manner:

1. Morally speaking, and even more so socially speaking, I do believe dancing to be good.

2. I have never been able to think of any ground on which I would consider it to be inexpedient for our young people as a form of recreation and social enjoyment.

3. No. The parish house is dedicated to the social activities of the people, and it is the business of the church to cultivate those activities in the best atmosphere. I believe that there is too much good in dancing to hand it over to the devil. If our young people do dance—sometimes even at the public dance—it is even more incumbent upon the church to furnish the recreation under the best influences.

4. Only so far as to absolutely prohibit "ragging," or any depraved tendency which may, in the course of time, develop in the round dances.

Personally, I have danced all of my life, up to the time that I took my present parish, over two years ago. I am heartily in favor of the recreation, and would be glad to see it practiced in every church which is fortunate enough to have a parish house. A word as to the "minority opposed to it": I have been amazed at the number of those opposed to it who have been led to see its value and to favor it.

I shall be interested in the conclusion which your church reaches. It will not be long before we have a parish house here in Petaluma and your problem will confront us.

The reply of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles was in the main as follows:

First, I do not believe that proper kind of dancing under proper conditions is in any sense a moral evil, and it may be of positive physical and cultural benefit. I am sure it has been in the development of many a boy and girl.

Secondly, The most perilous time in the life of a young person or an older one is the time of leisure and recreation, and therefore the associations in which any kind of recreation is to be found form an exceedingly vital matter in determining whether recreation which may be perfectly innocent or even valuable is expedient under those circumstances. I am sure there are many circumstances in which dancing ought not to be indulged in by a Christian young man or woman, and that there are perhaps communities where it would be inexpedient for him, even though in proper conditions. In regard to a group of young people dancing in the parish house, I have known churches in which this was permitted, where it seems to have had nothing but beneficial results, but if a church is realizing in any adequate sense the spirit of democracy, it will make it very possible for young men and young women to be associated together and have social contact and religious relations to the church which would make the exceedingly close physical contact of dancing undesirable because of the possible use made of it by some boy or girl whose standards and ideals were not what they ought to be. Of course my objection to dancing in the church or in the parish house would be directed to round dancing exclusively. Square dancing or folk dancing would come in an entirely different category in my judgment. I wish the matter was less strenuously dealt with by certain good people. I cannot help thinking that St. Paul's evident thought that Christians should not be overscrupulous and overconcerned about ceremonial details, as for example the eating of meat offered to idols, counseling that they eat whatever is put before them, asking no questions for conscience sake, as though it were undesirable to have an undue emphasis placed upon the secondary and unimportant actions or social actions, recognizes that overemphasis upon minor details is bound to weaken the ethical emphasis upon the more important things. I especially believe in the Congregational ideal that the church as a church does not assume responsibility for dictating to a young person or to a church family whether they shall indulge in dancing or not. These matters are questions to be determined by the individual Christian in loyalty to his Lord, and the church as a whole declines to enact rules and regulations for his direction.

The Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto made reply in the following words:

In response to the letter of the Efficiency Committee, let me say that the Palo Alto church discussed the matter of dancing at some length with no unanimity of opinion. The matter seemed in the minds of most to depend on—as to what kind of a work was proposed, for what class of young people, and under what conditions. In the proper place it was granted that a church could conduct dances as a social service work. But for mere sociability it was considered a questionable experiment.

Let me personally answer the questions for myself in the numbered order:

1. Indifferent.

2. Yes—when unsupervised or unnecessary—that is, when other enjoyments can take its place.

3. No. However, if the young people dance already to excess in other social places, it might not be altogether out of order to develop other social activities in a parish house which could be equally attractive. Plymouth Center, Oakland, is surely alive but as yet I understand the young people do not dance. On the other hand, if the young people are dancing at the nickel dances or other less useful places, dancing in the parish house, under proper supervision, might be a distinct gain, particularly for working girls living away from home.

It ought not to be a social accessory merely but a useful bit of work.

The Rev. H. R. Miles of Berkeley said in the first place: "Let me say, to begin, that I congratulate the church on having a committee that is taking the matter up in this large way. Many of our churches face the same question, and not many have set their faces to go to the bottom of it." Taking up the questions then in their order Mr. Miles said:

1. I believe that dancing under proper conditions is not harmful.

2. I see no reason why our children should be kept from all dancing. Since it is practically certain that they will dance whether we approve or not, and since the miscellaneous public dance is today the devil's own instrument for trapping innocent girls, it seems to me most essential that we provide wholesome places for amusements, including dancing. We must go at the matter in the positive way of providing a substitute, not by negative method alone.

3. When it comes to the question of whether the parish house or some other place be the amusement center, I confess some shrinking from introducing dancing there, but I believe that it is an unreasoning prejudice. We do not want our church plant turned into a dancing center. I believe, however, that the logical thing is to give amusements their place, and then see that the spiritual side of things is kept so vital that the church is a spiritual organization with a recreation annex, and not a play-house with a church attached. We ought to be able to keep the religious on top.

4. I should try to interest some of the mothers in the dance evenings, and have some of them present, so as to give the social side of church life as much likeness to a home dancing party as possible. Rather than say what kind of dances are permitted, I should try through having present some older women—popular with the young people, and so welcome to their gathering—whose presence would be an unconscious influence on the right side.

I know too little about dances to discriminate wisely between them, and think that most any dance would be in danger of unfortunate consequences unless there were a careful watch to see that nobody of low character frequented it. I should want chaperons—and fathers as well as mothers concerned. This must be arranged without reflection on the boys and girls, the mothers having just such a part as they would have in a home dance.

I think that the whole question is to be considered in the light of local conditions. Some people will be troubled if dancing is allowed. The "weak brother" of whom Paul speaks is the brother confessedly mistaken and weak. The outraged saint does not need the same consideration. The most Christian thing is to look at the whole subject squarely, and then do what is best—not what may seem least objectionable.

I hope that the results of your inquiries and your own decision may be published, for the benefit of us all.

One pastor whose name we do not give because of certain remarks concerning institutional work which it might not be wise to print just now as coming from him, wrote as follows:

I am not sure that I am fully ready to answer these questions to my satisfaction. There are so many problems that enter into the matter, which must be colored by the local conditions and the general church membership. Therefore, I send this letter in reply with reservations.

First. Dancing in itself is good.

Second. Of course, there are many objectionable features in dancing: the present-day vulgar dances, i. e., the "turkey-trot," etc.; the public dances and promiscuous gathering of young people in semi-public dances.

Third. Personally, I feel that the church has taken a very wrong position against dancing, and feel that it is high time that something should be done to overcome this false and wicked position. But I am not sure that opening the parish house for public or even semi-public dances is the right step. I know that many of our churches have started to do this; but I am wondering if this general principle is the correct one. I have made much of the institutional idea to a greater or less degree in all my ministry, and I am beginning to feel that the church loses more than it gains by such methods.

The Y. M. C. A., the Sunday-school picnics, the C. E. socials, the K. O. K. A., Boy Scouts, gymnasium classes are all good, and gather the people in, that they may eat of the loaves and fishes, and almost invariably they feel that character so obtained (a sort of religious culturine) is a good substitute for real **religious** life.

In other words, we have been catering too long to the crowd, giving them spiritual cream-puffs and chocolate eclairs. The church is primarily **the** institution for inspiration and uplift and guidance in spiritual life, and not a lyceum, an amusement institution, or kindergarten. It stands in the community for certain definite ideals and must hold to them. A bank is a financial institution and should confine itself to finances. The public would be greatly edified if it should give banquets to interest people in doing banking business. All this comes up before me in my work as I am trying to solve my own problems. At present, personally, I am trying to build character by the Indian club, chicken pie, picnic party route, and I find it very unsatisfactory.

Fifth. Is practically answered.

I hope that speaking from my heart thus may give to you what you desire from my own quarter.

After all, it rests back on the local conditions, the people to be reached, and above all, the spirit of the people who are reaching.

There were many other replies from which The Pacific, because of lack of space, can only make brief quotation.

The Rev. Henry Ainsworth of Cloverdale remarked at the close of his reply: "I believe that if Congregationalists adopt dancing in connection with their churches they will gain a minimum amount of good and reap a maximum amount of harm."

The Rev. L. B. Briggs of Santa Cruz expressed the judgment that dancing in parish houses would soon bring a cleavage in the churches.

The Rev. C. C. Kirtland of Lodi remarked in his answer that it seemed to him the church "would be dropping down a little from its high standard by introducing as a part of its social life anything that might wound the conscience of many, even though it might seem perfectly harmless and exceedingly enjoyable to the majority."

The Rev. H. A. Jump: "I should say there was no reasonable ground against young people dancing in a parish house connected with a church. I can conceive, however, that there would be sentimental grounds which might make it inadvisable in some particular cases."

The Rev. Dr. Aked said: "I see no ground for refusing such a request, assuming that arrangements could be made whereby it did not get out of hand."

The Rev. A. B. Patten of Sacramento wrote: "I think the request should be granted provided there were adequate chaperoning, not espionage, but the appreciative presence of older Christian friends." Mr. Patten says that he served a church once where dancing was delightfully permitted at social functions in the parish hall; and that he has served others where the indulgence would have rendered pastor and people anathema forever with not a few.

The Rev. B. St. John of Benicia questioned the wisdom of giving the use of the parish house. The Rev. C. C. Champlin of San Rafael favored it with supervision.

The Rev. R. D. Douglass of Oroville stated that his position as to dancing had formerly been the liberal one, but that he had come gradually to a different attitude.

The Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga regarded all dancing as dangerous, and thought that "for the church to appropriate the dance would not be to lift the dance up, but to drag the church down."

The reply of the Rev. M. B. Davenport who was pastor at Tulare when the questions were sent out showed him to be against dancing without exception anywhere.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson remarked that he regarded dancing in a parish house as inexpedient; but if a church permitted its young people to dance on its premises it should control it as the home controls it.

The Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton wrote as follows: "The providing of opportunity under Christian auspices for this amusement would, in my judgment, eventuate in dissatisfaction and trouble. It would not be long before complaint would be made of too close censorship, or the supervision would come to be resented as a reflection on the honor of the participants. I think I can see the greatest of possible disasters following should the thing be attempted by the church." Mr. Sink entered into the consideration of the whole question of dancing in so able and exhaustive a manner that we are sorry our space forbids extended quotation from his seven pages of typewritten answers. He concluded: "The central question is one of those equivocal questions which are calculated to confuse any one less than the Master himself. He had to contend with them more than once. To answer them decidedly either way would be inaccurate. Once when one of these Janus-faced questions was hurled at the Christ he answered by saying, 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.' There are some questions that must be answered by individual lives, and the Great Teacher did not undertake to answer them for others."

The Rev. B. F. Sargent of Grass Valley says that his church in Grand Rapids, Michigan, twenty-five years ago, passed resolutions giving the young people the privilege of dancing—in the church building we infer—provided they refrained from round dances and danced at right hours and in right company. "But today," writes Mr. Sargent, "young people would hoot at square dances. Only the most exciting of the round dances, the bunny-hug, turket-trot, etc., are now considered worth while." This degeneration of taste he thinks may be due in part to the fault of the church which accepted the suggestion of the devil, 'you attend to the religion of the young people and I will attend to their amusements.' The church agreed. The devil has done his job well; the church indifferently."

Mr. Sargent remarked that personally he would like to see the right form of dancing allowed, but that if a minority opposed Christian courtesy would not permit use of parish house.

The Rev. J. H. Williams of Redlands wrote that he regarded the use of the parish house as inexpedient; that it would pain many good people. As to dancing in general he said: "Our young people have no barriers raised against dancing. It is neither forbidden by church rules nor preached against from the pulpit. When our young people ask what our attitude is we answer that we do not wish it

in any church socials and ask them to discriminate as to place, company, etc., just as they should discriminate in theater going, books they read or games they play."

In reply to a letter to Mr. Willard asking what the San Jose Church had decided the editor of The Pacific received the following:

"Our Efficiency Committee, having looked at the subject from every angle, and having carefully read the letters received, have come to an agreement that, all things considered, it is inexpedient at the present time to grant the use of the Parish House for dancing.

"We heartily thank all those who have so ably and sympathetically responded to our request for counsel.

"We are impressed with the wisdom of seeking advice by the method adopted, on vital questions which tax the local church and have more than a local significance, as securing a concensus of competent opinion of the highest value at once to the local church and to the wider fellowship of the churches.

"We express our thanks to The Pacific for undertaking to prepare a digest of the communications received which shall be a fair reflection of the correspondence which is itself too large to print in full."

The editor of The Pacific wrote to the ministers whose names are used in connection with their replies and received permission to use their names. Letters were not written to those from whose answers only brief quotations were made, but care was exercised so as to give nothing which might bring any into trouble.

A DELIGHTFUL DAY.

He wrote his wife that he had "had a delightful day's fishing," and when he reached home again she asked him just what he meant by that. This is what he told her:

"You get up at four o'clock in the morning, just as the first flush of dawn is showing over the hills. A robin is already flitting from tree to tree, greeting the new day with a shrill note that the man in the cabin on the water claim says is his regular alarm clock, unfailing at four o'clock every morning. Your shoes and socks are still wet from the tramp last night when you forded the brook, but on they go, and you strap up your leggings while the boy struggles to 'beat you to it.' You pack a big knap-sack with 'grub' and camp out-fit and strap it to your back while the boy carries the fish-poles and baskets.

"It rained in the night and every little bush that you brush by, and every big one that you go under, showers you with silver drops that seem some way wetter than anything else you ever saw. There's a wonderful sweetness and freshness in the air, and the boy asks you if you notice 'the smell of the wildness.' The trail (not of the lonesome pine, but of the many pines) winds down the sides of the rock-ribbed and rugged canyon, now crossing and recrossing the little brook that hurries away to help make the big river below. You reach the river just as the first rays of the sun are glinting on the high ranges. Far to the east the Dardanelles are standing out against the sky, white with their eternal snows, while northward Silver Peak shows a faint flush of delicate pink, and all around are lesser peaks of wonderful blue, and on the near-by hills is such green as you never imagined before. Just the right time for the trout, you decide, and you're glad you didn't wait any longer.

"Leaving the outfit by a big rock under a pine tree, you start the delightful day's fishing. For more than a mile the river runs clear and inviting. There are wonderful falls where the water comes down like it used to in the old McGuffy's reader when you were a boy and it told about the 'waters at Lodore.' Under these falls are deep pools with overhanging rocks and fallen logs, and you know the trout are there. You are not long getting ready for them, and sure enough in a moment the boy calls out, 'I've got him!' and you cheer him for making first score.

"Then you go along down stream, trying the pools, the riffles, the rapids and the shallows; up and down, over and in, wet feet and wet shirt forgotten in the very joy of just being there. The phone may ring all day, but you won't hear it, and the mail may be heavy with important letters, but they'll have to wait, for you're having a vacation. While you are trying to get your line untangled from an overhanging bush you spy a curious nest lying on a ledge of rock where no animal or snake could possibly reach it, and looking like a bunch of moss. It is the nest of the water ouzel, that cheery little chap of the high mountains that John Muir says he has never found too cold or wet or afraid to sing as he goes dashing along the streams, into and under the falls and the pools, in search of his food. One flew past you a few minutes before, and he's singing now on that old branch over there.

"Something wriggles at your feet and you jump back from a big rattler. His nine rattles are very soon off his tail and in your pocket. Out of that long riffle comes a big ten-inch rainbow trout that slips off the hook just as you get him over that shallow little pool, and you and the boy both make a dash for him and catch him, a second time, in your hands, just as he makes for the tiny outlet by the stones. You jump for a rock near by—and the water comes up to your knees.

"Ten o'clock comes and you gather at the place appointed for breakfast. Now for the catch! Baskets are opened and you lay them out on the grass, wet, shiny, speckled beauties and brilliant rainbows, eight and ten inches long, thirty of them in all. You soon have a camp-fire going with trout and bacon sending a fragrance that is as incense to the hungry ones who gather around, all too ready to eat. Beans, potatoes, onions (raw, of course), bread, coffee and a can of pine apple from far-away Hawaii—the St. Francis couldn't offer anything better. After breakfast you rest awhile, lying on your back and watching an eagle lazily drifting around somewhere up towards the sky, while nearer saucy Jays are screaming their delight at the meal they will have if you ever get out of the way. Wild bees hum dreamily by, and the faint sound of cow bells comes from where some herd ranges. Then you decide to try it out again, but first the boy wants a swim, and when he holds up two fingers at you and shakes his dripping head after his first long plunge, off comes your clothes, too, and you are with him. It's too cold to stay in long, but my! what a plunge that was! The sun rises higher and higher and gets more and more searching, but you just can't leave it yet.

"You almost got that big fellow there under the shadow of the rock, and now out comes another that rushed the pretty fly you sent down that long riffle. As he wiggles around in your basket with the others you have caught, you decide you'll come here again next year. For this has been good fishing. And you are not going to tell too many other fellows where it is, either. Three o'clock comes, and you reach again the big rock by the trail, where fish are cleaned, and poles are very reluctantly disjointed (for this is to be the last day of this year) and the big knap-sack repacked. Now it is up the trail, and the three miles of the morning seem like ten. You reach the camp as the shadows are

lengthening, and there's settling down over the hills the hush of the coming night. You want to sing, 'Day is dying in the west,' only you aren't much of a singer, so you whistle it. Hungry again? Sure! And again the camp-fire glows and while it casts fantastic shadows against the falling darkness, you do justice to the trout (even if you did eat seven for that breakfast), and the Johnny cake baked in the boy's scout pan, and the soup out of tin cans, and more stewed prunes than you ever thought anyone could eat at one time. There's a bed of soft fir boughs there under the tent, overlaid with army blankets, and someway you don't feel like staying up late tonight. And so you 'turn in,' tired and happy. The boy has again 'beat you to it,' and as you look at his sunburned face, lighted with a dreaming smile, you are sure that he, too, has had a 'delightful day's fishing.' "

His wife listened with a smile. "Well, it sounds all right, but some way it seems like a good deal of exercise for a vacation." G. H. D.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

More Sailor Biography.

Edward Dunscombe was Henry Chester's first convert on the ship Ivanhoe, bound from Liverpool to San Francisco, and had this one been his only convert he would have had a good record in Heaven, for Dunscombe was worth giving a life for.

His conversion was a remarkable one. He had repelled Chester's pleadings with scorn and insults. But one day, in furling a topsail, the foot rope broke and down he fell. Expecting instant death, all the sins of his past life came to his mind. An intervening sail broke his fall, and he was not much hurt, but in that three seconds he had become thoroughly convinced of sin, and it needed but little effort to lead him to Christ. For the rest of that voyage he was Chester's best helper. If the crew wanted songs, he gave them hymns, but no more of "Moore's Irish Melodies." He was such a jovial good fellow that the crew all liked him, though they scorned his religion, and did not repel him as they did Chester.

He wrote out texts of Scripture in Roman print, and stuck them up in the galley, the forecastle, and every sheltered place, and ten years after a sailor on the Ivanhoe wrote, "Tell Ned that his texts are all here yet; no one wants to tear them down." I suppose they remained there till the ship went to the junk pile.

After his conversion there was a daily prayer-meeting on the Ivanhoe till she got to San Francisco. Sometimes only two were present, and sometimes more. But all the crew were better sailors because of the influence of these two pious men. Soon after his coming here, Dunscombe was accepted as a candidate for admission to the Mariners' Church; but went to sea again before the time for the regular communion service. A religious sea captain got acquainted with him, and though he had resolved to quit the sea and give the rest of his life to labor for the salvation of seamen here, induced him to sail with him to Jarvis Island, and then to England.

It was so long before we heard from him again that we feared he had been lost at sea, but a year or more later a letter informed us that he had returned to Ireland, his native country, and was engaged in evangelistic work. He went from town to town, telling the story of his wicked sailor life, his happy conversion and blessed Christian life, and while he did not do much of real preaching, his simple story was used by the Spirit so that many souls were led to accept Christ as their Savior.

But this way of life did not last very long. He had not the art so prevalent with modern evangelists of making large collections in his field of labor, and for lack of funds was forced to go to sea again. Besides, his taste of California life had roused his appetite for more of it, and he longed to see his old friend, Chester, again. So, to our surprise and joy, he suddenly appeared in our church again, and delighted us all with his stories of life and labors on land and sea. He was the same simple but earnest Christian that we had known him at first, and his influence caused quite a reviving amongst us. A notice in a newspaper that he would tell his story at a given meeting packed our small church building with a crowd of sailors, who listened with intense interest to the story of what God could do with a converted common sailor. Among other quaint statements he said: "I used to hate and despise all Christians. Five years ago, could I have seen myself as I am today, I would not have spoken to myself."

His zeal and earnestness gave promise of large usefulness, and we planned to keep him here, and train him to the work of sailor missionary. But he was restless. So long as a sea-rover is young and strong, it is hard for him to endure the monotony of a life on the land, and so he had to go back to his old sea life. Yet this did not last veryy long. Drifting about the oceans, he found himself in Australia, and he somehow became a fixture there.

But though busy with his manual labor, his zeal for Christ and the salvation of men did not decline. So long as Chester lived an occasional letter told of the work he was doing for lost sinners and of his joy in it. Since Chester died we have no tidings from Dunscombe, but doubt not that now, a gray-haired veteran, he is doing good work for Christ, and getting ready for the "well done" of our blessed Master.

We rarely see, on sea or land, a more thorough or happier Christian than Edward Dunscombe. May his tribe increase.

A CREED FOR THE DISCOURAGED.

I believe that God created me to be happy, to enjoy the blessings of life, to be useful to my fellow-beings, and an honor to my country.

I believe that the trials which beset me today are but the fiery tests by which my character is strengthened, ennobled and made worthy to enjoy the higher things of life, which I believe are in store for me.

I believe that my soul is too grand to be crushed by defeat: I will rise above it.

I believe that I am the architect of my own fate; therefore,

I will be master of circumstances and surroundings, not their slave.

I will not yield to discouragements; I will trample them under foot and make them serve as stepping-stones to success. I will conquer my obstacles and turn them into opportunities.

My failures of today will help to guide me on to victory on the morrow.

The morrow will bring new strength, new hopes, new opportunities and new beginnings. I will be ready to meet

it with a brave heart, a calm mind and an undaunted spirit.

In all things I will do my best and leave the rest to the Infinite.

I will not waste my mental energies by useless worry. I will learn to dominate my restless thoughts and look on the bright side of things.

I will face the world bravely. I will not be a coward. I will assert my God-given birthright and be a man. For I am immortal, and nothing can overcome me.

—Virginia Opal Myers.

Every tenth person in the United States is a Negro.

Among the Churches.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Th pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. G. Lewis of Rio Vista are spending the month of August in the invigorating air of San Francisco.

The Rev. G. W. Hinman returned this week from a trip to Idaho. Between two Sundays he visited Yellowstone Park and "tramped" through.

The Rev. C. D. Milliken who has had a pastorate at Waimea, Hawaii, the last nine years, is taking a vacation in California. Mr. Milliken was pastor several years ago at Cupertino.

"What Other Nations Think of Us," will be the subject of a paper by the Rev. H. R. Miles at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

There will in all probability be a wide reading of the answers to the questions sent out by our San Jose church with reference to dancing, though to do justice to the answerers we had to make the article one of considerable length.

Rev. Herbert A. Jump, whose resignation as pastor of the First Church of Oakland, took effect August first, is spending the month at Lakeside Park, Lake Tahoe. In September he plans to make his residence at Los Gatos, and will be available for occasional or permanent supply in churches on the coast.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer cabled last week from Rome to the pastoral committee of the First Congregational Church of Oakland: "Have declined Washington. Ready to serve Oakland wherever I can be most useful. Deeply appreciate First Church call. Prefer to defer response until assured regarding entire Cakland situation."

The Rev. Stephen Smith of Port Angeles, Washington, where he is pastor of the farthest Northwest Congregational Church in the United States exclusive of Alaska, is taking a two weeks' vacation in San Francisco. Mr. Smith came out from Connecticut four years ago. He is wedded to the Pacific Coast already, has put heart and able effort into the work at Port Angeles and has won the esteem of the Washington brethren.

Many hearts have turned in tender sympathy the past week toward the Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Ellis, whose only child, a boy two and a half years old, passed into the other life while in a hospital in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are the missionaries who are supported in their great work in China by Plymouth Church, Seattle. They have been in the home land on a year's furlough and are now on their return to Lintsingchow, expecting to take departure from San Francisco on the 16th of this month. Mrs. Ellis, who has been ill also in San Francisco, we are glad to state, is recovering. The body of the little one was sent to Curtis, Nebraska, where the parents of Mr. Ellis reside; and thus bereaved, but with loving, trustful courage, these devoted workers face again toward China.

The Rev. Dr. Aked returns from his vacation in the Kings River Canyon full of cheerfulness and inspiration. Next Sunday morning he will bring to his people a revelation from the forest and mountain, with the subject "The Gate Called Beautiful." In the evening: "A Door Opened in Heaven—the Secret of Eternal Cheerfulness." Probably the last service to be held in the church building now in use will be on Sunday, the 17th. Last Sunday the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. R. W. Rogers. In the evening Mr. Rogers had the highly suggestive subject: "The Patriotism of Jesus—Impressions from Edward Carpenter's Striking Book, 'Towards Democracy.'" We infer that Mr. Rogers contended that the high ideals of Democracy set forth in Carpenter's book and the patriotism of Jesus as shown in his life and teachings were very similar.

CALIFORNIA.

Oroville.—The Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Douglass are spending their vacation in the Mohawk valley in Plumas county.

Weaverville.—The Rev. J. Morgan Lewis, accompanied by his family and members of the local order of Queens of Avilion and Knights of King Arthur, is enjoying a camping trip on Little Creek. There are about thirty in the party.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—Washington Congregationalism loses a valuable and greatly beloved worker in the passing into the other life suddenly last Wednesday of Judge F. A. McDonald. For more than a quarter of a century Judge McDonald has been prominently identified with those movements in the Northwest which make for a righteous civilization. In church and municipal, in state and national matters, he will be widely missed.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown has gone into the wilds of the Olympic mountains during August, with "The Mountaineers." One hundred are in the party. They will climb Mt. Olympus. This is the only mountain which "The Mountaineers" have tackled and failed to conquer. During Mr. Brown's absence the pulpit will be supplied as follows: August 3, Rev. J. Dunstan of West Seattle; August 10, Rev. H. Harrison of Kansas City; August 17, Rev. Horace Mason of Seattle; August 24 and 31, Rev. L. L. West of Everett.

OBSERVATIONS.

Now that vacation is drawing near its close and churches will soon be resuming their usual services, the Observer is tempted to make reference to some mid-week meetings attended by him in recent months—all of them on the Pacific Coast, but not every one in California.

One was in a suburb where we Congregationalists have a goodly-sized membership. About fifteen were present and the subject was some phase of child-culture. Possibly one man aside from the pastor participated in the discussion, while two or three young mothers were quite ready to offer suggestions. The latter certainly revealed great interest, and one young woman afterwards told the writer, she greatly enjoyed the service.

Another was in a metropolitan center, and connected with the leading church there. Forty may have been present—the old guard—usually found in their places on such occasions. Aside from the ordinary services of introduction, the pastor had selected two young men to debate the relative merits of Mohammedanism and Christianity. This they did in good style, revealing considerable study of their respective sides, and speaking as well as the average young man would. The pastor seemed delighted with the effort, and one gentleman remarked to the Observer that he thought it was interesting—quite a pleasant change from the regular routine.

Still another was in a suburb, church large, though the attendance was under fifty. It was quite in line with the ordinary—hymns, prayers, comment on a Scripture passage by the minister, remarks by one or more present. The good lady who sat next me said she enjoyed the service.

The fourth was in another metropolitan center, in the leading church. Here church dinners had been the custom through the winter on prayer-meeting nights, for business men it was said could not get home to supper and return in time for service. This happened to be the last of the season, and so no less than one hundred and eighty were present. After a delightful hour at the table, we adjourned to the lecture room, and fully one hundred and twenty-five were in the audience. Fortunately Mr. Blank and his wife were there, just returning to their mission field in China, and this goodly couple were the foreign representatives of this church, supported by the people who made this their church home. Of course there was more than the usual interest; though not exceptional as speakers, the two made a happy impression, and evidently gave satisfaction, not only to those who plied them with questions, but to the audience in general. The hymns and prayers were in harmony with the occasion and certainly it was good to be there.

Leaving it to every reader to make what comments he will on the above, the Observer is wondering whether it would not be wise for every pastor as he begins his autumn work to appoint a prayer-meeting committee, upon whom will be laid in great measure the responsibility of building up the mid-week service, both in numbers and in interest. People will leave their homes if the attraction is sufficiently great; and there ought to be sufficient in the divine life and work to provide an interesting topic for every week in the year. We Christian men and women are wondrously different, and our prayer-meeting subjects must needs have variety, and yet down in the depths of the soul the needs are similar, and if those needs could in a measure be met in the gathering of ourselves together, who will say that the mid-week service will not have a drawing power now so unfortunately lacking in most of the churches with which we are familiar.

Then, too, the observer is wondering if great results would not follow if the pastor would quietly gather about him a "Praying Band," who on the wings of their faith would bring to God this mid-week service; indeed, all of the services of the sanctuary. Recently a minister remarked, if he wanted a certain thing accomplished in his church he set the people to praying about the same. May not his wisdom be from above? Time was when churches thought great things were wrought by prayer. Has that day passed? Have we come upon a time when progress is sought by work and work alone? If so, would it not be wise to return to the ways of our fathers and bring before God all that pertains to our church life and activity? Would that some prophet would arise and make clear the pathway in which our churches are to walk! Possibly some readers of The Pacific have a vision in this line. If so, I am confident we all would gladly have him tell it. And the Observer feels assured that The Pacific will welcome any word upon this or any other topic vital to the advancement of the Kingdom. OBSERVER.

D. Z. SHEFFIELD, MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

The last mail from China brings word of the death of Dr. D. Z. Sheffield. He passed away July first, at Pe-Tai-Ho, the summer seaside resort. Another of the eminent missionaries of the middle period of mission work in China thus rests from his labors. His works will follow him. Forty-four years of valuable service are all but completed.

Mr. Sheffield, with two other young men and their wives, passed through San Francisco in the autumn of 1869, almost the first to use the transcontinental railroad, en route to Asia. In May of that year these roads had been opened for traffic.

The Sheffields were assigned to the newly opened station at T'ung Chou, to be colleagues of L. D. Chapin and wife, pioneers at that station.

Dr. Sheffield was born at Gainesville, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1841. Warsaw Academy gave him a few years of its drill, until the Civil War called him to its service. At the end of two years he was invalided, with a life-long ailment. Unable to attend a college course, after a few years of teaching he went directly to Auburn Theological Seminary, graduating in 1869. In July of that year he was married to Eleanor W. Sherrill, a gentle, gifted and fitting companion.

Mr. Sheffield's mental habit had well equipped him for the struggle with the Chinese language. In due time he became a facile speaker of the Mandarin colloquial, using it for decades with even more grace and force than his own native language.

A small Boys' School had been started at T'ung Chou, and a training school for native preachers was organized in 1872. Out of these feeble beginnings has grown a work which has scarce a superior in the educational field in China.

Mr. Sheffield was a born educator. His fine personality gave him command, at first over lads, and then over men in large numbers. The subtilities of Chinese character did not deceive him, and he easily mastered men, sympathetic and genial with all, and yet wise in dealing wtih many emergencies. Each year there went out from the upper courses of study such men as have made China new and ready to take its place in modern history. To follow these, now carefully cultured men, such as Dr. John Ch'uan, of

Tientsin and Manchuria, would be an interesting study in spiritual awakening and growth.

Dr. Sheffield was a fertile translator of books for his pupils. In "Who's Who in America" one finds the brief record: Universal History, 1881; Church History, 1889; Systematic Theology, 1893; Political Economy, 1896; Ethics, 1907; Psychology, 1907; Political Science, 1909. This is a great amount of work, unexcelled.

In 1884 Mr. Sheffield became the senior member of the Station. In 1889-90 ground outside of the city on the south, for a college campus, was secured. Dr. Sheffield became the President of the North China College. On his second furlough he had received the degree of D.D. from Hamilton College, though not its graduate, on account of his Chinese scholarship and eminent missionary service.

The new college building, Williams Hall, was a fine advance, and the campus was adorned with excellent homes for the instructors.. Dr. Sheffield was a leader in forming the Educational Association of China, and was its president in the years 1896-99.

The Shanghai Conference of 1890 had appointed committees for the revision of the Bible, in Mandarin and in the classical Wen Li. Dr. Sheffield was chosen a member of the revision committee for the Wen Li, and was its chairman. The completed New Testament was published several years since, and the Old Testament was well along. The chairman gave important service in fixing the accuracy and fluency of the New Revision.

Returning to China in 1910 in very frail health, Dr. Sheffield gave all his time to the revision work, until a year since, when on account of increasing infirmity he was abliged to resign that as well as all other work. During the year he has slowly but perceptibly failed.

Dr. Sheffield held an important part in all the efforts toward union and comity. His college became an union college; the theological seminary, an union seminary; and the medical school, an union school. The Woman's departments were also made into union schools in the upper grades.

Of thrilling missionary experiences one may merely recall the summaries: In July 1895 Dr. Sheffield was attacked, when alone, by two brothers. He barely escaped with his life, having 35 dreadful wounds to heal. He was returning to China when the Boxer convulsion was at its worst. He shared in the re-establishment of the college, in its larger proportion and wider opportunity. A delightful companion, a shrewd and sympathetic observer, a steadfast friend, his heart and mind broadened with the years. Spiritually he was a well grounded thinker and leader, a winning and genial personality, courteous in controversy, and strong in all the elements of high Christian thinking and living.

It is well for the young men of China to have had their impression of teachers and leaders formed by men of Dr. Sheffield's rich character and enlarging purpose.

HENRY D. PORTER.

La Mesa, California, July, 1913.

It seems to be a natural human tendency to speak loosely and unadvisedly of others, to criticize others for certain actions, to impugn their motives, and to base our judgment of them often on false conclusions.

The Home.

"All are weak and all are strong,
Patience righteth every wrong.
All good things the will must task,
All achievements patience ask.
Chiefly with each other's weakness
Need we patience, love, and meekness;
Who takes ill another's ill
Beareth two loads up the hill."

ARE YOU EASY TO LIVE WITH?

The fact that a man or woman is easy to live with does not indicate without question that he or she is in possession of all the virtues in the calendar, but it is pretty safe wagering that the one who is hard to live with has a few vices, and rather serious ones too. Of course we know there are some people who are very hard to get along with who claim that the reason is that they are uncompromising in their principles. Folks do not get along with them because those folk are too easy-going and slipshod. But that explanation has very seldom seemed convincing. Not always, perhaps, but certainly as a rule, it is an attempt to whitewash over a contemptible vice into the semblance of a respectable virtue. Unless you are a great exception to the rule, and the chances are that you are not, you are hard to get along with, because you insist on having your own way, and give too little consideration to other people. And that attitude toward life in general is not a virtuous one by any means. Of course everyone should be unyielding when it comes to a matter of principle, but there is a vast difference between standing up for principle and just standing up for having your own way. We are told of a certain woman who made it the sum of all her praying for herself that she might be made easy to live with. Perhaps she didn't go far enough in her praying, but just the same if that prayer was answered for everyone there would be a great many cranks made over into something useful, and this world would be a vastly pleasanter place to live in.—Christian Guardian.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY CHILD.

A Little Talk As Mother With Mother By Rose Woodallen Chapman.

How can I tell my little girl the truth?" writes one mother. "She is only four years and a half old and she has already asked me where her baby brother came from. It seems to me too difficult to approach the matter with so young a child."

This mother's difficulty lies in the fact that she is thinking of telling her child a larger amount of the truth than the little one is really asking for. All the necessary facts can be told so sweetly and so simply that I do not see how any mother could really shrink from her beautiful opportunity.

What I Told My Boy.

It has been said that each mother must discover for herself the best way of telling her own little one, because each child mind his it own peculiar way of working. Yet I believe there are great similarities, laso, in these early mental processes. So in answer to this hesitating mother

let me tell the story as I told it to my own little boy when he was only three years and a half old.

He asked me the question when I was putting him to bed one night. It is the time when we have our confidences; we would not be interrupted; I knew the hour had come.

'Darling," I said, "do, you remember the bird's nest outside our bedroom window, that we watched all last summer? Do you remember the mother bird sitting there day after day, and that I told you there were eggs under her which she was keeping warm? And then, by-and-by, do you remember the baby birds that I told you came from those eggs?"

Of course he remembered! How could he forget the wonderful happenings of bird-life that he had watched for the first time?

"Then you remember, also, that I told you chickens came from eggs?"

The little head nodded in response.

"Well, you came from an egg, too. But it was such a tiny, little bit of an egg that if I'd had it right here in my hand you couldn't even have seen it. Now, of course, you can easily understand that anything so small as that might easily get lost. But it's too precious to be lost; so God has made a little room for it, right in Mother's body.

Do you remember that you once asked me which part of you grew first, and I said that you grew all at the same time? Well, you see, in the first place you were this tiny, little bit of an egg. Then this little egg began to divide, and to divide again, and again, and again; and, by-and-by, two parts pushed out and began to look like legs, and two other parts pushed out and began to look like arms, and another part pushed out and began to look like a head; and then, by-and-by, there were arms and legs, and hands and feet, and eyes and nose and mouth—why, there was a whole baby! And all this time the dear little baby was in the soft, warm nest right in Mother's body.

"And Mother knew it was there! She ate for it, and breathed for it, and took long walks that it might be strong and well; she made little clothes for it, and dreamed about it, and prayed for it. For nine long months the baby belonged to Mother as it did to no one else; and then, by-and-by, when the baby was big enough and strong enough to live its own individual life the door of the little room opened and the baby came out into the world. And Mother was so happy to think that at last she was going to see the dear little baby that she had loved so long!

"She'll never forget the first time she saw him. The doctor had told her to keep her eyes shut, but she just couldn't any longer. So she opened her eyes just a little bit—and there she saw her baby in Grandma's arms, and he was crying just as hard as he could cry. But, do you know, Mother didn't mind that the baby was crying, because that meant that his lungs were working, and his heart was beating, and he was going to live and grow to be her own big boy."

It Seemed Like A Fairy Story.

What a wonderful fairy story it seemed to the little chap as he listened with widening eyes and scarce-beating heart. And the best of it was that it was all true.

He was silent for a moment, and then in awestruck tones he asked: "Is that little room there yet Mother?"

"Yes," I replied, "it's such a wonderful little room I want to tell you more about it. When you were that tiny, little bit of an egg it was just a little room. And then as you grew the room grew, too, so it was always just large enough to hold the little baby. And then, after you had come out into the world, the room began to grow small again, until by-and-by it was just the smae size it had been at first."

There came another pause, and then this question from the searcher after the beginning of things: "Whose room were you in, Mother?"

"I was in Grandma's room, because Grandma is my mother, just as I'm your mother, and that's what being a mother means."

For a week he came to me with questions upon those parts of the story that were not quite clear in his little mind. Each time, childlike, he would begin to ask the question as soon as he reached the door of the room in which I was sitting, and each time I would stop him and call him to me, saying in a whisper: "What was it you wanted to ask me, darling?"

Unconsciously imitating me he would then whisper his question, and I would whisper my answer—"Because," as I would always say, "we don't want any one to overhear what we're saying about this beautiful secret, which belongs just to you and me."

APPRECIATION.

To the sea shells spiral round
'Tis your heart that brings the sound;
The soft sea murmurs that you hear
Within are captured from your ear.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own soul does not bring
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

For The Children.

WANTED—A BOY.

"Why, what a funny advertisement! Bobby, listen to this!" and Mrs. Johnson read from the evening paper as follows:

"Wanted—A good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckled. None other need apply. Smith and Thompson."

Bobby laughed. "That's me, sure," he said: "especially the red hair and freckles. Guess I'll go around."

"Well, it really sounds as though it were meant for you, continued his mother, so seriously that Bobby laid down the book he was reading and looked at her in surprise.

"You were just funning about the red hair and freckles, weren't you, mammy?" he asked.

"No, indeed; come and see for yourself."

"Whew—w—w whistled Bobby, looking at the paper; "I'll have to try, sure thing. But how queer for Smith and Thompson to put in an ad, like that. It's the very office I've had my eye on for months; but I didn't know there was likely to be a vacancy so soon."

At nine o'clock next morning Bobby found himself one of a row of boys in the waiting room outside Smith and

'hompson's private office. The youngsters all had hair of arious degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and hades of brown. Some were speckled as a turkey's egg, thers could only boast of a few of these valuable marks. t seemed so funny to Bobby that he forgot how badly he vanted the place himself and greeted each rival with a riendly smile.

The first boy to be admitted had a fiery red head and as nany rust spots as any one could desire. Mr. Smith, the senior partner, opened the door himself to let him in, and swept an amused glance along the line of candidates.

In a few minutes that boy came out and another went in. 'Said my hair was too red, an' I had too many freckles,' he intimated, with a grin which showed a front tooth missing. "Maybe you'll do," he added good naturedly to Bobby, "you ain't got too many freckles, and your hair is most brown."

Bobby felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Smith was not a man with time to waste in looking over such a lot of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his mother in there with him; a little old lady with white hair and goldrimmed eyeglasses, an' she said I wasn't the hight one at all, I was too cheeky looking'," remarked another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a face at Bobby as he passed.

Bobby laughed and grew still more curious. "Why should a business man have his mother in his office helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—"

"Next!" caled a voice from the open door, and Bobby was admitted.

"That's him. I should have known him anywhere. Such a manly little fellow!" exclaimed the old lady sitting by the office window.

"Why didn't you wait a minute after helping me off the car last night?" she continued motioning the surprised Bobby to come nearer to her.

"What—I beg your pardon. I don't know what you mean," stammered Bobby, knitting his sandy-colored eyebrows "Oh!" and his freckled face brightened into a smile. "I wouldn't want anything for just helping a lady. I wouldn't even if I were so poor," and he drew himself up with an air of sturdy pride.

Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Smith with a smile, and Bobby replied promptly that he would.

"What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm just eleven, and I've always been at school; but I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best. I can study at nights with my big brother," he added.

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless old ladies as I've been told by my mother you are, ought to do pretty well in any line, said Mr. Smith. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon."

The gentleman opened the door into the outer office and informed the red-headed brigade that they need not wait any longer, as he had found a boy to suit him. Then he turned to his desk, and Bobby, feeling himself dismissed, hurried home to tell his good news.

"Why, I really didn't do anything, mother," he said. "There was such a jam that the poor old lady had no chance to get off, for the conductor was so busy somewhere else and didn't notice, so I just helped her, that was all."

"It was a little thing, but it had big results," said his mother, and Bobby thought so, too.—Pleasant Hours.

THE STORY OF GERHARDT.

Gerhardt, a German shepherd boy, was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the border of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked: "How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," answered the boy. "But the road is only a sheep track and very easily missed."

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said: "My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty. I have lost my companion and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I can not leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They will stray into the woods and may be eaten by the wolves or stolen by the robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two wouldn't be much to your master and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I can not go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you?"

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," he said, "do not know your voice, and"—

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir,' said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said: "I see, my lad, that you are a good faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the good road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendant came up; and then Gerhardt to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country around.

The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

The salvation of America will lie in a general return to the old-fashioned, common-place, everyday virtues that make sterling character, and which we are surrendering to the brilliant and the spectacular.

BIRTH AND DEATH.

For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth.
It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery,
The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
Are Birth and Death inseparable on earth;
For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.

—F. Thompson, in "Ode to the Setting Sun."

HOW TO FORGET.

"If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

"If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

"If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man,
Who's doing just the best he can.

"If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so happy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

"If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong."
—Rebecca Foresman in The Continent.

SELECTING OTHER PEOPLE'S PLEASURE.

Nothing is much more impossible than to select "pleasures" for other people.

We may select duties, clothes, husbands, even, with a fair chance of success, but hardly ever pleasures!

How often one hears people say, "Well, I don't see much fun in that!"

Witness the perfectly bored expression upon the face of some one forced to listen to "something too much fun for anything!" who is only waiting for the opportunity of getting in a description of her idea of fun.

"My dear girls, just listen to this!" says a mother smiling to herself over a magazine, which she immediately begins to read aloud. Each one in the group around the table absorbed in her own special article looks up with the expression of a martyr while mother preemptorily—though unconscious of the fact—reads aloud with many chuckles to her unsympathetic audience several pages from her article. They all smile politely and return with sighs of relief to their own books when she has finished reading, while mother, chagrined, decides not to try to amuse such an unappreciative family.

Behold the man at the "afternoon tea." How miserable he is!—just waiting to catch his wife's eye to give the signal that he "won't wait another second." She is peacefully happy—best gown and hat—enjoying the stylish tea-table, taking notes quietly on the cakes and sandwiches, seeing who is there, meeting new charmingly dressed women, enjoying an ice on the piazza corner with a kindred spirit. She says she "had a perfectly lovely time." And she did!

The dear man, on the contrary, feels sorry his poor wife is "tied at home" so much, so he plans a nice time for her. "Let's go see the parade, dear," he says.

So his wife, appreciating his thought for her, smiles and says, "Certainly, dear," dresses with the air of a martyr in her best spring suit to "please John," and after carefully covering her new hat with a protecting veil, nails a long-suffering smile to her face and sallies forth with her kind husband.

He explains to her carefully who the notables are in the carriages leading the procession, standing meanwhile near the edge of the curb, while she trembles with apprehension lest the frisky horse of the mounted police near her should suddenly dance on the sidewalk, and wonders if the bright sun beating on the shoulders of her new coat (she cannot carry a parasol; there are too many people on the street) will not be likely "to take the color out." Presently the ordeal is over, and with dusty clothes and a slight headache from standing with the sunlight in her eyes, she sinks into a comfortable chair at home with a sigh of relief, takes off her hat and sweetly smiles at the unconscious John, who remarks, "Why, dear, how much better you look for your little outing. We must do it again soon."—By Susan Wilbur Dwight.

A tourist called at an Irish cabin to obtain a glass of milk, and noticed on the top of a chest of drawers a glass shade, under which was a brick and a faded rose. Naturally he inquired why the owner of the shanty should cherish two such dissimilar objects.

"Shure, sorr, there's memories attached to them," said the Irishman. "Feel this big dent in my head Well, it was the brick that made it."

"But the rose?" said the visitor.

"The rose is off the grave of the man that threw the brick," replied the host.

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